

## It Might As Well Be Spring

Rosemary Clooney

The things I used to like, I don't like any more,  
I want a lot of other things I've never had before,  
It's just like my mamma says, I sit around and mourn  
Pretending that I am so wonderful and knowing I'm adored

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,  
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string,  
I'd say that I had spring fever,  
But I know it isn't spring.

I'm as starry eyed and gravely discontented,  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.  
Oh, why should I have spring fever,  
When it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else,  
Walking down a strange new street,  
Hearing words I have never never heard,  
From a man I've yet to meet.

I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,  
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing,  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud,  
Or a robin or a bluebird on the wing,  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way,  
That it might as well be spring,  
It might as well be, might as well be,  
It might as well be spring